



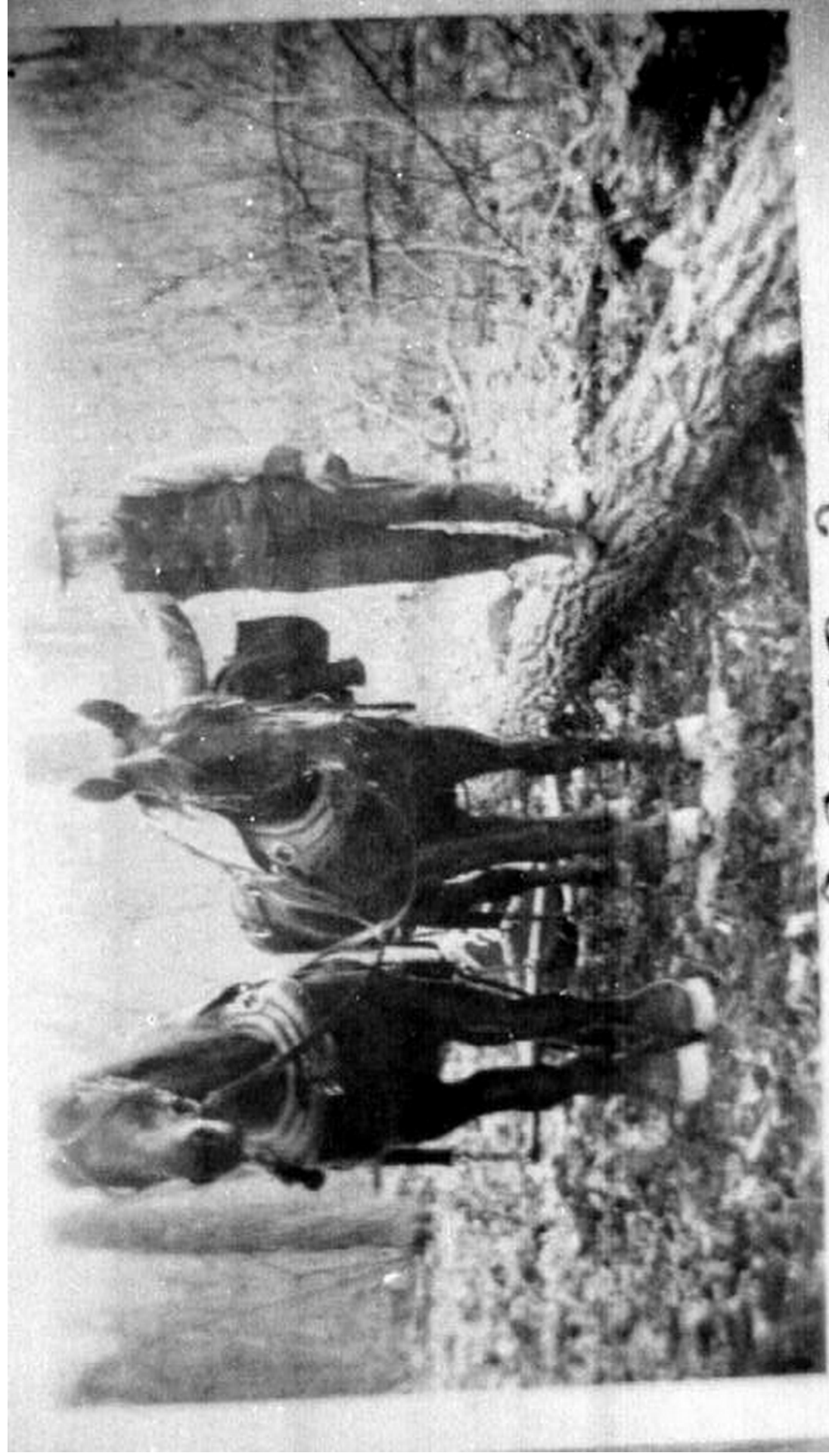
With best wishes
for Christmas
and the
New Year





98 • 100 OCT



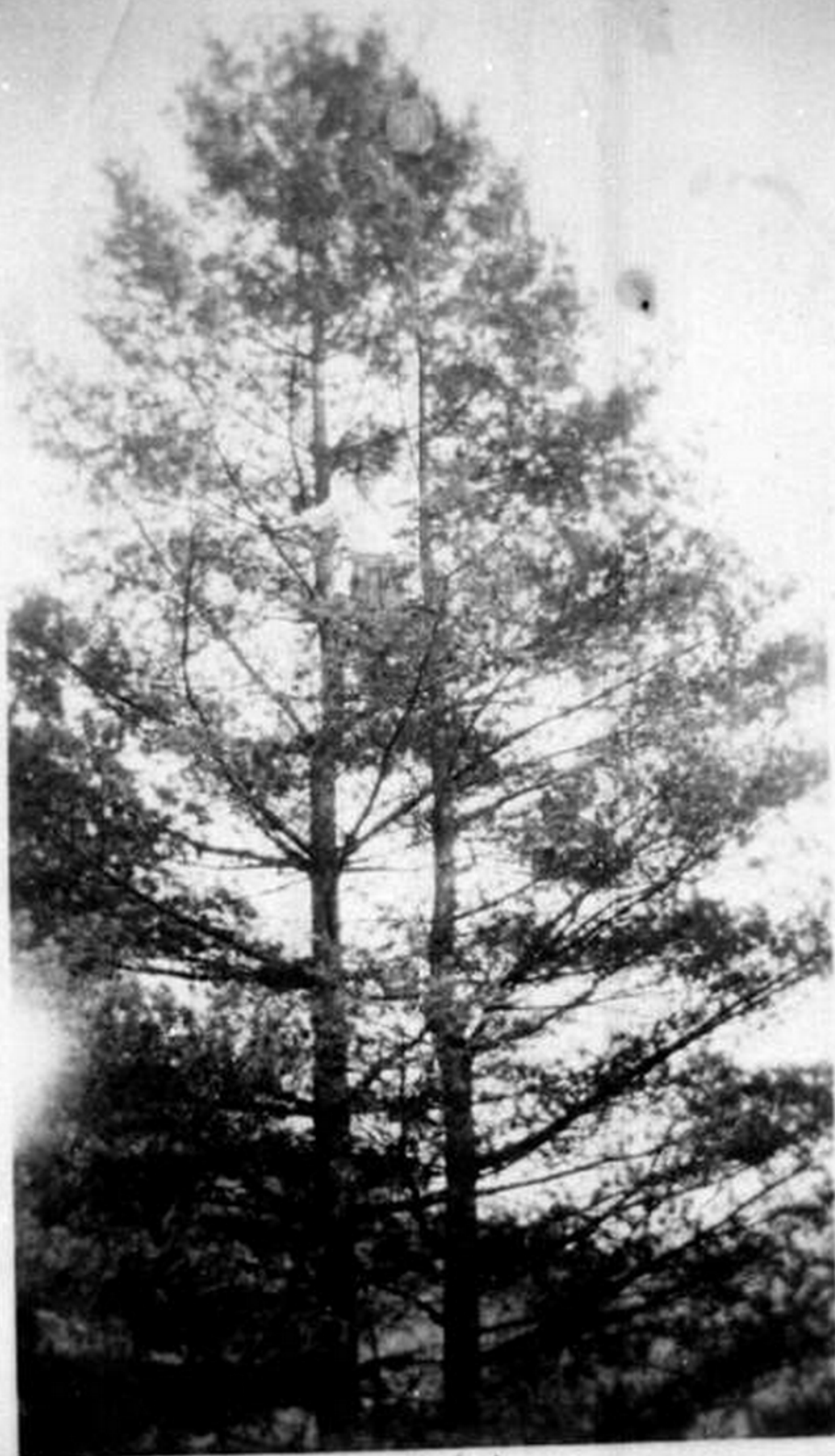


Foreman of Camp 2 -









Climbing Higher.













SEP • 56





SEP

61









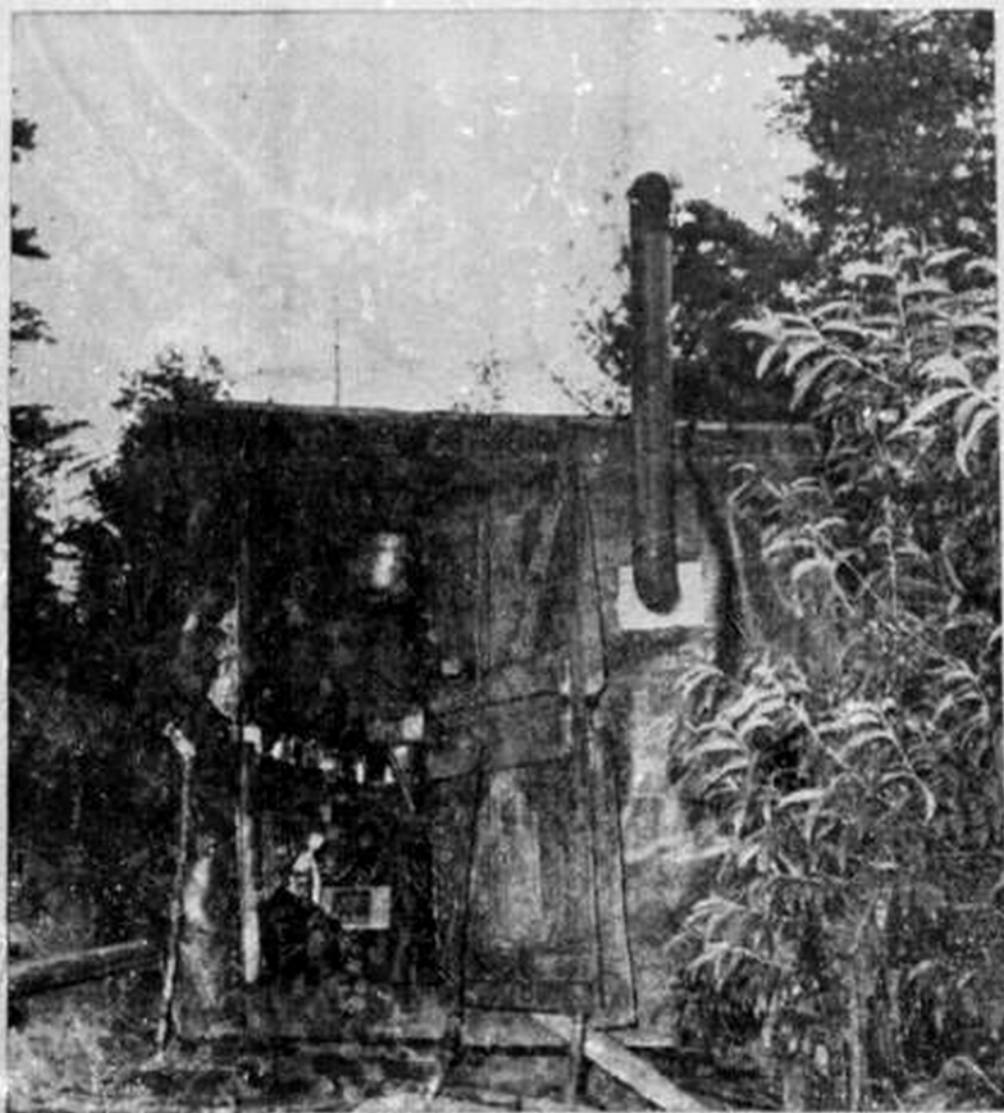
The so-called "Wendland" stay in flight. An eagle flew up
mountain. Goudin's catch in Goudin's catch. In I

In Callaghan he has a brother. They have not met for 20 years or more.

Man of Allphay Mountain
and satisfaction tempered with fear, enjoyed by the Wild
who are never educated enough to find the continent
to worries to troubles and to problems of the educated
away from his beloved mountain top, down to civilization,
in the old man's mind, the one who come to take him
person will appear on the mountain. That person will be
he lives in mortal fear that someday, somehow the wrong
keeps the old man on the mountain top. It is apparent that
I wish I could find the key to unlock the secret which

It is so (not weak he did) (not weak)
 turned him (Clothes and that woman
 a'll after that (No good a'll (Clothes
 and his all a woman (A woman he found
 a boost (not weak) (found) (not weak) (But an

"You ever killed a man?"



THIS TAR-PAPEL covered shack is the latest home for the Wild Man.



Man of the mountain. I knew a man once who was strong, and he was
 Worked the lumber camps. Lumber camps. Worked with
 no clothes on, no clothes on. It's a fact.
 "Tim was his name. Tim it was. Two men could
 whip Tim. Could whip Tim. Worked lumber camps years
 and years. Then he passed lumber. Boarded lumber. Put on
 clothes. He did. Found himself a woman. A woman. He found
 Twenty. No good. A fall after that. No good. A fall. Clothes
 and that woman turned him. Clothes and that woman
 turned him. "Is so. Is so. Got weak. He did. Got weak."
 I let my eyes rove over the faint frame of the Wild
 Man. There was the beard, the teeth, the piercing
 eyes, the gnarled hands. His clothes were tattered. A piece
 of what appeared to be harness held up a pair of pants
 which left much of his heavy thighs exposed to the ele-
 ment. As I looked at this man, I could not help but wonder
 what manner of man could hide away from the world as he
 had done all these years. I thought of the possibility that
 perhaps at one time Wild Bill had committed a crime, or
 maybe only a small infraction of the law which took in his
 mind as a great tragedy. With this thought, I said to
 the old man, "Have you ever killed a man?"

He began to excavate a sort of cave in
 when an excavation about six feet square
 he placed timber in an upright position
 to form a hip roof which extended a few
 feet from the excavation. This place, too,
 for a floor. This was home for the next
 as a new home, acquired only a few weeks
 he owed a debt of gratitude to Ervine
 men who live in the Callaghan area. They
 very ill from exposure, and decided he
 in. In one day they built a stack of pallets
 it with tar paper. In it there is a stove,
 other things a chair. Never before has
 But he is still about as primitive as any-
 old possibly be.
 Since the old man dined on cucumbers
 As we struggled out way through his
 yard on land where a house couldn't
 at cucumbers much in the need of rain,
 ed things and no good. Ain't no good
 ly. Too early. Ain't no good. Let tak



THE WILD MAN of Allegheny Mountain is an expert at chopping firewood.

THIS TARPAPER covered shack is















